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HE HAS SEEN BROWNSVILLE.

And Thinks This a Great Country.

San Antonio Express.

Frank Seiben of Wyoming, the gentleman who passed through San Antonio about two weeks ago and favored a reporter for the Express with his views on irrigation, returned yesterday from his trip to the coast.

He was on his way home and did not have much time to talk before the evening train went north. He expressed himself as delighted with his trip and he was full of overflowing with enthusiasm over the prospects of southern Texas if the irrigation of land was properly attended to and developed. He said:

"I went down to Brownsville and I believe those people mean business on the railroad to Corpus Christi. The land owners along the route have subscribed in land a princely domain. Some money has been subscribed as well. It is a very easy country to build a railroad in, and one that promises great returns for the investment.

"The land owners can well afford to subscribe, as with railroad transportation their immense ranches become available for fruit and vegetable raising and are thus increased in value a hundred fold.

"That is a great country," continued Mr. Seiben, "it is a disappointing country at first glance. Everything looks flat. The mesquite and sand stretch out as far as the eye can reach and the visitor wonders what good can come out of it.

A short residence there of perhaps only a few days and one's impressions change entirely. The climate is perfect, the mesquite looks graceful and attractive and one sees instead of sand a soil built up by the shells of minutest that have not died in vain.

"This soil furnishes in great abundance the very elements that are needed for grape culture, and in fact all kinds of fruit and vegetables.

"Now, as to the water supply. I find mighty little water on the surface of the ground and find the rainfall is very light. Nature however has, in a peculiar way, supplied this defect. At a distance varying from ten to forty feet from the surface in the driest places an abundant supply of fresh water can be obtained by digging wells.

"The supply is inexhaustible. I visited one well, from which two windmill pumps and a hand pump were supplied, and six hours continuous pumping with all three pumps at once failed to perceptibly lower the water in the well.

"At comparatively little expense a man can have a well on every few acres run by wind, or he can have a steam plant to elevate a considerable quantity at the highest point on his farm. Or better yet, a number of farmers can club together and put up a fine pumping plant supplied by several wells, that will furnish each one with the necessary water.

"There are many advantages about this well system over the ditch system pursued in my state. There is no dispute as to the water rights, each one controlling his own supply. There is no question of ditches breaking, danger of overflow or scanty supply. It is always ready and can be turned on

at a moment's notice.

"I expect to see a large emigration into Texas this winter. All the arguments are in favor of its being a poor man's country. It has its drawbacks, of course, but the advantages far outweigh them."

Golden Turkeys Of Texas.

St. Louis Republic.

For a good all-round turkey—a good forager, hardy and toothsome, good at Thanksgiving or Christmas, when stuffed with chestnuts or oysters, and good between times with or without stuffing—the Bronze breed of turkey has heretofore been considered by all odds the best.

But Texas is a great State, always breaking the record somewhere, and Texas is developing a turkey as much superior to the old-fashioned Bronze as refined gold is superior to copper. This turkey may be bronze as to his plumage, but he is golden as to his crop, which he uses not so much to grind his grain as to hoard his yellow monometallic metal. As turkeys in that climate are not provided with stockings, and as safe deposit vaults are few and far between in the vicinity of Eagle Pass, it would seem that the bird had displayed prudent forethought in selecting a receptacle in which to lay up for a rainy day.

But nothing in this world except a jail or an empty purse is safe from robbers. A hunter who went out from Eagle Pass to shoot along the San Diego bottoms on Major Simmons' ranch brought in several of these turkeys and despoiled them. The younger birds, which had not yet become avaricious, panned out only about 12 grains of gold, say 50 cents' worth apiece, while a miserly old gobbler yielded 95 grains, worth \$4.

The theory of the correspondent who tells this is that the turkeys picked up the gold incidentally while feeding, and he intimates that if a gobbler can get \$4 worth of gold without half trying there must be rich placer washings on Major Simmons' ranch or thereabouts.

But this does injustice to the intelligence of the fowl which Ben Franklin declared was entitled to supplant the eagle as the American bird of freedom. It is much more probable that these turkeys have kept fully advised of what has been going on in financial circles and that, not being out of fashion, they have madly gone to gold-grabbing like all the rest of the world.

Why the turkeys of the San Diego bottoms have become hoarders of gold might be a profoundly interesting question to a philosopher like Audubon. To the ordinary man in these hard times the alleged fact that auriferous turkeys have been discovered near the Rio Grande is an argument more strongly in favor of turkey shooting than of speculating upon turkey psychology. And if this news had come while the silver miners were running out of Colorado, Mayor Walbridge might not have had to go so deeply into his pocket to pay the railroads for hauling them out of St. Louis.

The proverb says it is penny wise and pound foolish to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. But there is no proverb about allowing the turkey to live that has a crop full of gold dust. If there were, it would do no good. Not a turkey within 50 miles of Eagle Pass is likely to live to see the eve of Thanksgiving Day.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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ADULTY FEMININE FAD

How a Charming Maiden Lives in an Atmosphere of Violets.

To have a special color, flower and perfume marks the fin de siècle girl.

The color must appear in all her belongings, even to the furnishings, of her room; the delicate perfume must linger in everything she touches, and she wears no other flower but that one which she has adopted as her own.

It would be considered a serious breach of etiquette for one girl to adopt the color which her friend has chosen. The flower and perfume are also exclusive so far as permanent use is concerned, and the girl who wishes to retain caste must avoid trespassing upon her neighbor's tastes in this direction.

A very charming girl who has just come to her New York home, sunburned and happy after a mountain trip, is a "violet" girl. She is a tall, slender blonde, with a perfect peach-like complexion, and the delicate tint she has chosen accords well with her dainty prettiness. I visited her home the other afternoon and she entertained me in a "violet room."

It sounds rather fetching, does it not?

The center of the light hardwood floor was covered by a rug in which light and dark lavender tints were blended, and upon the white enamel bed was a dainty linen coverlet, embroidered with scattered violets in their natural colors. The "Empire" whitewood dressing table, with its triplex mirror reflecting the silver brushes and toilet boxes, was covered by a scarf of linen and Irish point lace, placed upon a square of satin. Everything in the room reproduced the tender tints of the violet, and the walls and ceilings reflected back the same tender hue. The faintest possible odor of wood violet was the air, and the general effect was one of grace and beauty. One of the quaintest objects in the room was an ordinary wash-bench enameled in white and painted in sprays of flowers. It stood in a recessed bay window, which was draped in full curtains of white point d'esprit.

My "violet" girl showed me the drawers of her dressing case all lined with sachets of violet and lifted up pretty bits of foamy lingue, run through with "baby" ribbon and emanating an almost imperceptible breath of the favorite perfume. There was hosiery in every shade of the flower and black silk stockings with the insteps

sprinkled with embroidered fleur de lis.

"It is a frivolous," she said, "but all nice women are frivolous, and besides that I enjoy it, and especially enjoy my annunciation of all the pretty things that come in other colors. It shows so much strength of mind, you know," and she passed me a bonbonniere filled with candied violets.—New York Herald.

More Exciting.

"That is a picture of the old Puritans going to church, Robby," said Mr. Norris, impressively. "Here you see them tramping, through the snow in single file every man with his gun thrown over his shoulder, ready for instant use in case of an attack."

"What did they have to carry guns for?" asked Robby, with interest.

"To keep off the Indians," replied Mr. Norris. "That is the kind of men that built up this country. Not the bitterest cold, nor the heaviest snow, nor the fact that they went in extreme peril of their lives, could prevent them from performing their religious duties. Just think of our sturdy, pious forefathers when you don't feel like going to church, and remember the hardships they endured to enjoy the privilege of worshipping on Sunday, a privilege which I am afraid you are inclined to hold too lightly."

An oyster congress is the latest Chicago notion. It will probably get into a stew.—[Lowell Courier.

Teacher: Define memory. Dull Boy: It's what we always has till we come to speak a piece.—[Good News.

When the baseball season ends, the football season begins. The three balls season lasts all the year round.—[Boston Globe.

"Is she well married?" "I should say so. She's been trying for years to get a divorce and can't."—[Kate Field's Washington.

Gunson: Another increase in your family, eh? Son or a daughter? B. bee (gloomily): Son-in-law. [Kate Field's Washington.

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